

EXTRACTS

From *Sketches of Young Couples; with an Urgent Remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England (being Bachelors or Widowers) on the present Alarming Crisis.* By the Author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen."

THE CONTRADICTIONARY COUPLE.

"I do believe," he says, taking the spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that were ever born, you are the most so, Charlotte." "Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoins the lady. "Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner time—oh no, not you!" says the gentleman. "Yes, I did," says the lady. "Oh, you did," cries the gentleman; "you admit that?" "If you call that contradiction," I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave." "Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in the Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine-cellar?" "I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more." "Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!"

"By and by the gentleman comes to a little, and, passing his hand gloomily across his forehead, reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins. "I appealed to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing-room, during tea—" "Morgan, you mean," interrupts the gentleman. "I do not mean any thing of the kind," answers the lady. "Now, by all that is impossible and aggravating to bear," cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony, "she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!" "Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaims the lady; "do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?" "Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman, with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat! a man who would rather suffer death than wear any thing but brown!" "Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears. "I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction, a monster of aggravation, a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements?"

But can any one doubt the secret satisfaction there is in this, and more than secret love? The mutual affection is measured by the resentment at contradiction, an awkward mode of measurement now and then, but on the whole much better than indifference. In serious matters we would safely answer for this couple, and, of that foolish propensity in trifles, perhaps even the hint of this little book may help to cure them.

ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.

"The old gentleman is eighty years old to-day—" "Eighty years old, Crofts, and never had a headache," he tells the barber who shaves him (the barber being a young fellow, and very subject to that complaint). "That's a great age, Crofts," says the old gentleman. "I don't think it's such a very great age, sir," replies the barber. "Crofts," rejoins the old gentleman, "you're talking nonsense to me. Eighty not a great age?" "It's a very great age, sir, for a gentleman to be as healthy and as active as you are," returns the barber; "but my grandfather, sir, he was ninety-four." "You don't mean that, Crofts?" says the old gentleman. "I do, indeed," retorts the barber; "and as vigorous as Julius Caesar my grandfather was." The old gentleman muses a little, and then says, "What did he die of, Crofts?" "He died accidentally, sir," returns the barber; "he didn't mean to do it. He always would go a-running about the streets—walking never satisfied his spirit—and he ran against a post and died of a hurt in his chest." The old gentleman says no more till the shaving is concluded, and then he gives Crofts half-a-crown to drink his health. He is a little doubtful of the barber's veracity afterwards, and telling the anecdote to the old lady, affects to make very light of it—though, to be sure (he adds), there was old Parr, and in some parts of England ninety-five or so is a common age, quite a common age."

THE LITTLE HOUSEMAID AT NUMBER SIX.

"Heaven alone can tell in what bright colours this marriage is painted upon the mind of the little housemaid at number six, who has hardly slept a wink all night with thinking of it, and now stands on the unswept doorsteps leaning upon her broom, and looking wistfully towards the enchanted house. Nothing short of omniscience can divine what visions of the baker, or the green-grocer, or the smart and most insinuating buttermilk, are flitting across her mind—what thoughts of how she would dress on such an occasion, if she were a lady—of how she would dress, if she were only a bride—of how cook would dress, being bridesmaid, conjointly with her sister 'in place' at Fulham, and how the clergyman, deeming them so many ladies, would be quite humbled and respectful. What day-dreams of hope and happiness—of life being one perpetual holiday, with no master and no mistress to grant or withhold it—of every Sunday being a Sunday out—of pure freedom as to curls and ringlets, and no obligation to hide fine heads of hair in caps—what pictures of happiness, vast and immense to her, but utterly ridicu-

lous to us, bewilder the brain of the little housemaid at number six, all called into existence by the wedding at the corner!

"We smile at such things, and so we should, though perhaps for a better reason than commonly presents itself. It should be pleasant to us to know that there are notions of happiness so moderate and limited, since upon those who entertain them, happiness and lightness of heart are very easily bestowed."

THE COUPLE WHO DOTE UPON THEIR CHILDREN.

"The couple who dote upon their children recognise no dates but those connected with their births, accidents, illnesses, or remarkable deeds. They keep a mental almanack with a vast number of Innocents' days, all in red letters. They recollect the last coronation, because on that day little Tom fell down the kitchen stairs; the anniversary of the Gunpowder plot, because it was on the fifth of November that Ned asked whether wooden legs were made in heaven, and cocked hats grew in gardens. Mrs. Whiffler will never cease to recollect the last day of the old year as long as she lives, for it was on that day that the baby had the four red spots on its nose which they took for measles; nor Christmas day, for twenty-one days after Christmas day the twins were born; nor Good Friday, for it was on a Good Friday that she was frightened by the donkey cart when she was in the family way with Georgiana. The moveable feasts have no motion for Mr. and Mrs. Whiffler, but remain pinned down tight and fast to the shoulders of some small child, from whom they can never be separated any more. Time was made, according to their creed, not for slaves, but for girls and boys; the restless sands in his glass are but little children at play."

THE HIGHEST YOUNG COUPLE.

"To that one young couple on whose bright destiny the thoughts of nations are fixed, may the youth of England look, and not in vain, for an example. From that one couple, blessed and favoured as they are, may they learn that even the glare and glitter of a court, the splendour of a palace, and the pomp and glory of a throne, yield in their power of conferring happiness to domestic worth and virtue. From that one young couple may they learn that the crown of a great empire, costly and jewelled though it be, gives place, in the estimation of a Queen, to the plain gold ring that links her woman's nature to that of tens of thousands of her humble subjects, and guards in her woman's heart one secret store of tenderness, whose proudest boast shall be that it knows no royalty save nature's own, and no pride of birth but being the child of heaven!

"So shall the highest young couple in the land for once hear the truth, when men throw up their caps, and cry with loving shouts—

"GOD BLESS THEM!"

MODEL OF ST. PETER'S.

A model on a grand scale of *St. Peter's at Rome*, executed by Celestino Vai, of Brescia, principal mechanician of the Theatre San Carlos at Naples, is now exhibiting at the gallery in Maddox Street; and will well repay an attentive inspection. It conveys an idea of the magnitude, proportions, and details of this stupendous edifice, more complete and palpable than a pictorial representation can possibly do. The model is constructed of wood, from actual measurements, on a scale of 1 to 100, its dimensions being 15 feet long, and 7½ wide; and the walls of the room are covered with a panoramic sketch of the scenery and buildings in its vicinity. The ornamental features, such as statues, capitals, &c. are faithfully given. The extreme labour of these details, as well as the magnificence of the building, may be inferred from the fact, that there are upwards of five hundred and sixty statues on the outside, and two hundred and eighty-eight columns, exclusive of pilasters; and will account for the task having occupied the whole time of the ingenious artist during eleven years. The model is painted in imitation of the local colour of the building.

A visit to this exhibition accounted at once for the disappointment so frequently experienced by travellers in the size of St. Peter's, and confirms the censures connoisseurs have passed on the design as it now appears. The façade advances so far before the nave of the church, that the dome is not seen in its full proportions, the drum or cylinder being hidden by the attic of the front; so that both the large and small cupolas appear to have sunk into the roof; moreover, the vast extent and lofty height of the colonnade in front lessen the effect of the elevation; and it is only by calculation of the enormous size of the pile in comparison with the human stature, that an idea can be formed commensurate with the grandeur of the edifice. Here we have another instance of the pernicious folly of tampering with an architectural design, and the fruitlessness of attempting to aggrandize a structure by accumulation of masses: mere bigness is the grossest element of the sublime, and, unless controlled by art, is destructive not only of beauty but of grandeur. Had Bramante's design for St. Peter's, and Wren's first design for St. Paul's been carried into effect, these two chefs-d'œuvre of architectural genius would have exhausted the language of panegyric, instead of taxing ingenuity to explain the cause of their comparative failure.—*London Paper.*

Real men and women never sneer at mechanics and operatives. But self-styled gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

WILLIAM PITT.

Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible; at the same time the lucidness and the fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something above the ordinary line.

I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James' Park from his own house to the palace. On his part, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he drove through the mean courts of his mean habitation in a gray chariot, followed by a few horse guards. This was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are the masters of India. Pitt dressed in black, with a steel hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage he only met with three or four emigrants who had nothing to do; casting on us a disdainful look, he turned up his nose and his pale face, and passed on.

At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals, or sleeping. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never could take the trouble to cast up a bill. A *valet de chambre* managed his house. Ill dressed, without pleasure, without passion, and greedily of power, he despised honours, and would not be any thing more than William Pitt.

In the month of June, 1832, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house. As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house, where the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who held Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty.—*English paper.*

SCRAPS FROM LATE PAPERS.

KINDNESS FROM THE AGED.—Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? it comes with a double grace and tenderness from the old: it seems in them the hoarded and long purified benevolence of years: as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts which had chilled the blood and whitened the locks, has possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art, it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all, the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of encrusting and withering years, blessed because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.

THE TWO ROSES.—Being with my friend in a garden, we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly, snelt to it but seldom and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose, or squeezed it in my hand; whereby in a very short time it lost both its colour and sweetness, but his still remained as sweet and fragrant as if it had been growing on its own root. The roses, said I, are the true emblems of the best and sweetest enjoyments in the world, which being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them; but if once the affections seize too greedily upon them, and squeeze them too hard, they quickly wither in our hands, and we lose the comfort of them. It is a point of excellent wisdom to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon the affections.

ORANGES AND COFFEE.—Of all the new enjoyments of which the knowledge is acquired by a visit to the intertropical regions, those that reach us through a sense which in the Old World is productive of as many painful as pleasurable emotions are, in my opinion, the most exquisite. Without leaving Europe, a traveller may learn how delightful it is to take his early walk in an orange-grove during the season when the trees are in bloom; the gardens of the Tuilleries may give him a faint idea of it just before the ancient denizens of the *orangerie* have been despoiled of their crop of blossoms that the distiller may convert them into orange-flower water. But the fragrance of the Tuilleries is as inferior to that of the Moorish gardens of the Alcazer at Seville, as these last, with all the care bestowed on them, are excelled by some neglected orange-grove in Cuba or St. Domingo. Nor is the rich fragrance of the orange-grove to be compared for a moment with the aromatic odours of a coffee plantation, when its hundred thousand trees have just thrown out their unrivalled display of jessamine-like flowers, reminding you of what you may have read in Eastern fable of the perfumes of Araby the Blest.

THE KHAN OF CHIVA.—"The Khan of Chiva," says a letter from St. Petersburg, in the *France*, "is fifty-three years of age—brave, but indolent. He is said to be very desirous of being on good terms with Russia, but is controlled by his principal wife, a beautiful and haughty woman of twenty-two, sister of the Sultan of the independent Kirghis, and very fond of war. She has armed 5,000 Kurdown infantry and 26,000 Chivian cavalry for the defence of the town, and has applied for assistance to her brother, who has, however, positively refused to go to war with Russia. She is said to be under the influence of an Italian, who acts as major-domo of her husband's palace. The Khan is supposed to be possessed of